

EPILOGUE

from Meg Blane - A Rhapsody of the Sea

for Mezzo-Soprano Solo, Chorus and Orchestra

Words written by Thomas Buchanan

Music By Samuel Coleridge-Taylor Op. 48 (1902)

VOCAL SCORE

COVER IMAGE

"Lighthouse on a Cliff by Moonlight" by Hermann Eschke, 1879



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The "renaissance" in English music is generally agreed to have started in the late Victorian period, beginning roughly in 1880. Public demand for major works in support of the annual choral festivals held throughout England at that time was considerable which led to the creation of many large scale works for orchestra with soloists and chorus.

Although a number of those works were engraved, printed and are regularly performed today, performance scores for a considerable number of compositions, both large-scale and more intimate works, are not available. These works were either never engraved or were engraved and printed but are no longer available in the publishers' catalogues. While the existence of these works is documented in biographies of the composers, the ability to study and, most importantly, to perform these compositions is not possible.

Changes in the International copyright laws, coupled with changing musical tastes, played a pivotal role in creating this void. As a result, music publishers lost the ability to generate revenue from the sale/rental of such music. In 1964, holograph and copyist scores from both Novello and from publishers it represented were offered to the British Library and the Royal College of Music Library (see The RCM Novello Library – The Musical Times, Feb. 1983 by Jeremy Dibble).

These autograph full score manuscripts along with copies of engraved vocal scores, widely available through various online library sources, are now the only resources available for studying and performing these works.

The English Heritage Music Series has been created to ensure that these compositions are preserved, are accessible for scholarly research and, most importantly, are available for performance by future generations. Its mission is to:

- Source non-engraved/out-of-print English composer compositions that are in the U.S. public domain
- Preserve these compositions through the preparation of performance scores using notation software
- Provide open Internet access to the scores to facilitate study, performance and sharing of performance material (program notes, audio, reviews, etc.)

In preparing the English Heritage Music Series editions, every effort has been made to adhere strictly to the notation contained in the manuscripts. Because of the passage of time and its effect on the condition of the manuscript, the absence of clear information often times by the composer in notating divided instruments, and with emendations in the composer and other hands resulting from use of the manuscript in performance, there were numerous circumstances which required interpretation and decisions for notes, accidentals, dynamics, articulations and tempi. Should questions arise in the use of these editions, the composers' autograph manuscripts and the Novello vocal scores should be consulted for clarification.

Matthew W. Mehaffey Editor

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SOURCE INFORMATION

Full Score (Original) Full Score (Copyist) Vocal Score Royal College of Music Library, London (GB-Lcm): MS 4868 Royal College of Music Library, London (GB-Lcm): MS 4867 Novello and Company, Limited, no. 11307 © 1902

REFERENCE MATERIAL AND SOFTWARE

Notation Software: Dorico Pro Version 4.3.11.1117 Audio Software: NotePerformer 3 Graphic Software: Affinity Photo Document Software: Affinity Publisher 1.10.5.1342 Music Notation Reference: <u>Behind Bars</u> by Elaine Gould, Faber Music © 2011

PROLOGUE

"Lord, hearken to me ! Save all poor souls at sea! Thy breath is on their cheeks— Their cheeks are wan with fear ; No man speaks, For who could hear ?

The wild white water screams, The wind cries loud ; The fireflaught gleams On tattered sail and shroud !

Under the red mast-light The hissing surges slip ; Thick reeks the storm of night Round him that steers the ship— And his eyes are blind, And he knows not where they run. Lord, be kind ! Whistle back Thy wind For the sake of Christ Thy Son !"

... Black was the oozy lift, Black were the sea and land ; Hither and thither, thick with foam and drift, Did the deep waters shift, Swinging with iron clash on stone and sand. Faintlier the heavy rain was falling, Faintlier, faintlier the wind was calling, With hollower echoes up the drifting dark ! While the swift rockets shooting through the night Flash'd past the foam-fleck'd reef with phantom light, And shewed the piteous outline of the bark, Rising and falling like a living thing, Shuddering, shivering, While, howling beastlike, the white breakers there Spat blindness in the dank eyes of despair. Then one cried, "She has sunk !" — and on the shore Men shook, and on the heights the women cried; But, lo ! The outline of the bark once more ! While flashing faint the blue light rose and died.

Ah, God, put out Thy hand ! All for the sake Of little ones, and weary hearts that wake Be gentle ! Chain the fierce waves with a chain ! Let the gaunt seaman's little boys and girls Sit on his knee and play with his black curls Yet once again ! And breathe the frail lad safely through the foam Back to the hungry mother in her home ! And spare the bad man with the frenzied eye ; Kiss him, for Christ's sake, bid Thy death go by— He hath no heart to die ! Now faintlier blew the wind, the thin rain ceased, The thick cloud cleared like smoke from off the strand, For, lo ! A bright blue glimmer in the East— God putting out His hand.

And overhead the rack grew thinner too, And through the smoky gorge The wind drave past the stars, and faint they flew Like sparks blown from a forge.

And now the thousand foam-flames o' the sea Hither and thither flashing visibly ; And gray lights hither and thither came and fled, Like dim shapes searching for the drownèd dead ; And where these shapes most thickly glimmer'd by, Out on the cruel reef the black hulk lay, And cast, against the kindling Eastern sky, Its shape gigantic on the shrouding spray.

Silent upon the shore, the fishers fed Their eyes on horror, waiting for the close, When in the midst of them a shrill voice rose : "The boat ! The boat !" it said. Like creatures startled from a trance, they turned To her who spake : tall in the midst stood she, With arms uplifted, and with eyes that yearned Out on the murmuring sea.

Some shrugging shoulders, homeward turned their eyes, And others answered back in brutal speech ; But some, strong-hearted, uttering shouts and cries, Followed the fearless woman up the beach.

A rush to seaward—black confusion—then A struggle with the surf upon the strand— 'Mid shrieks of women, cries of desperate men, The long oars smite, the black boat springs from land !

Around the thick spray flies ; The waves roll on and seem to overwhelm, With blowing hair and onward gazing eyes The woman stands erect, and grips the helm . . .

Now fearless heart, Meg Blane, or all must die ! Let not the skilled hand thwart the steadfast eye.

The crested wave comes near—crag-like it towers Above you, scattering round its chilly showers : One flutter of the hand, and all is done ! Now steel thy heart, thou woman-hearted one ! Softly the good helm guides ; Round to the liquid ridge the boat leaps light— Hidden an instant—on the foaming height, Dripping and quivering like a bird it rides. Athwart the ragged rift the moon looms pale, Driven before the gale,

And making silvern shadows with her breath, Where on the shining sea it shimmereth; And, lo ! The light illumes the reef; 'tis shed Full on the wreck, as the dark boat draws nigh. A crash ! — the wreck upon the reef is fled; A scream ! — and all is still beneath the sky, Save the wild waters as they whirl and cry.

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Robert Buchanan



Ships in Distress off a Rocky Coast Ludolf Backhuysen - 1667









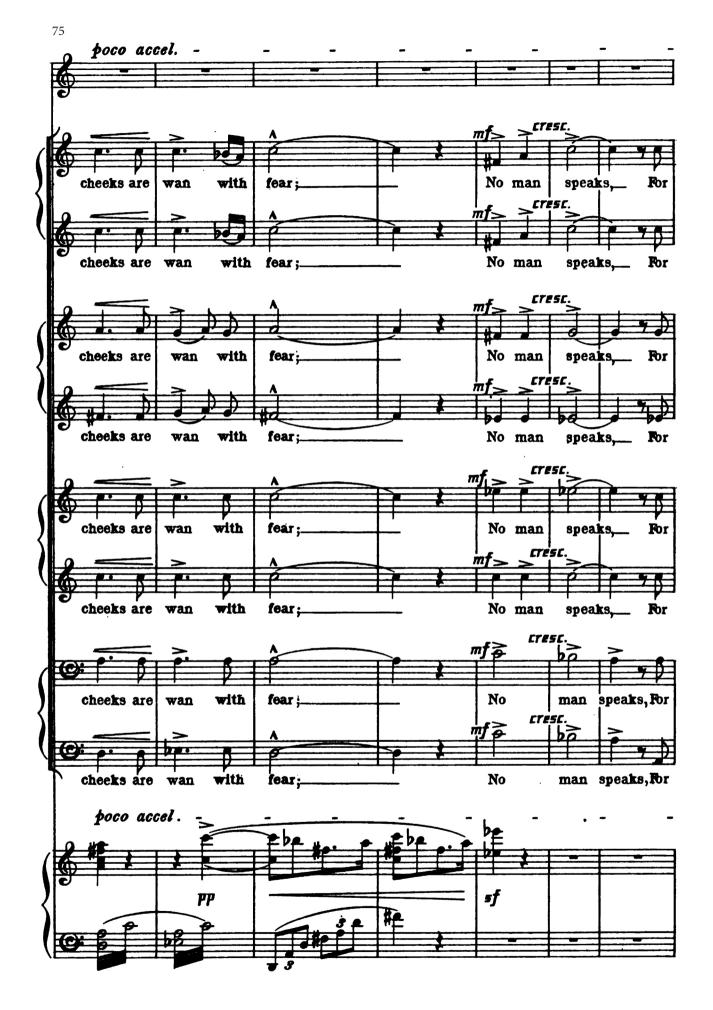


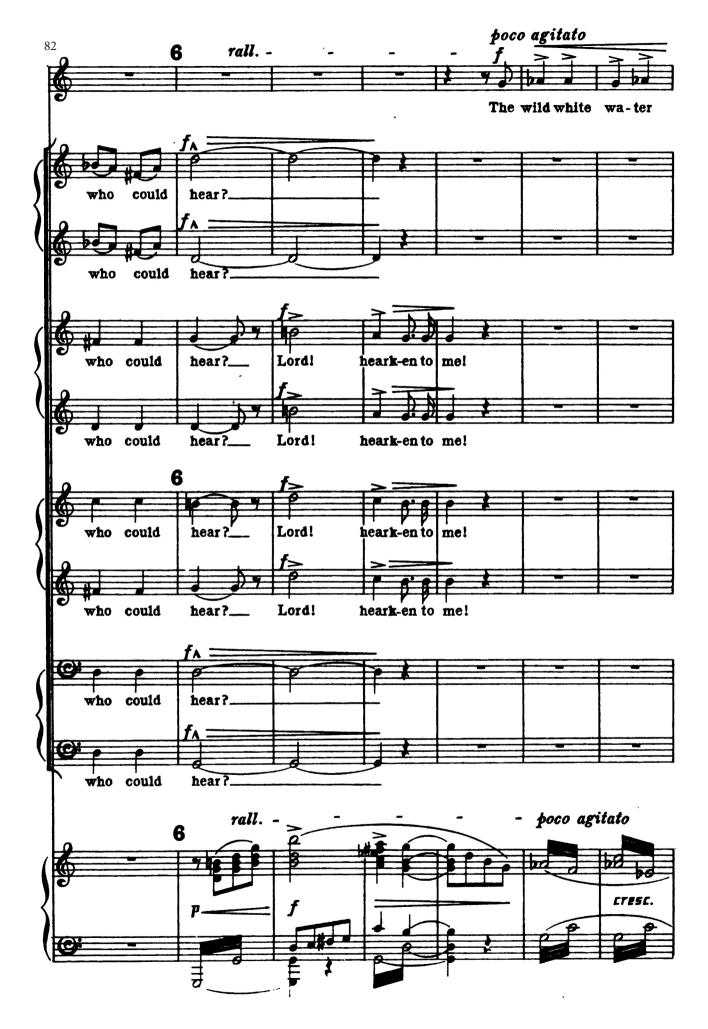
















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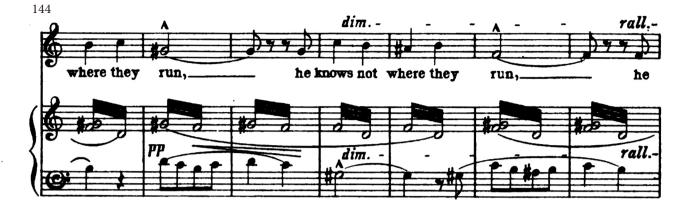
























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